

FEAR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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ADVENTURE INTO **FEAR** WITH
THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**..

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

THIS IS IT!
THE END OF THE
UNCANNY
CARETAKERS!

SCIENCE VS. SORCERY IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH!

"A STILLBORN GENESIS!"

THE MORBIUS THRILLER YOU DARE NOT MISS!

Once Michael Morbius was a world-renowned bio-chemist, dying of an unknown blood disease—and desperately searching for a CURE. He found that cure—but, in turn, it afflicted him with a CURSE far worse than any possible disease; the curse of the blood-sucking night-beast; the curse of... THE LIVING VAMPIRE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS!**

DOUG MOENCH • FRANK ROBBINS • FRANK GUAICOIA • BILL MANTLO • JUNE BRAVERMAN • LEN WEIN
WRITER ARTIST INKER COLORIST LETTERER EDITOR

LOOK UPON YOUR MASTER, MORBIUS--AND PREPARE TO DIE IN THE CAUSE OF HIS APOTHEOSIS!

YES, VAMPIRE--KNOW THAT YOUR DEATH IS MY ASCENSION TO GODHOOD!

SAVOR THIS LAST MOMENT OF YOUR LIFE--AND USE IT TO GAZE UPON THE ASSEMBLED MINIONS OF HELL! THEY ARE DAE-MOND'S ACOLYTES--MY ACOLYTES IN A NEW ORDER OF LIFE ON EARTH! AND IT IS THE BLOODY RELEASE OF YOUR LIFE-ENERGIES WHICH WILL ENABLE THEM TO PIERCE THE FINAL DIMENSIONAL VEIL BETWEEN EARTH AND HELL!!

THEN SHALL DAE-MOND UNITE WITH HIS ACOLYTES IN A SPRAWLING ORGY OF DEATH AND DAMNATION!!

THE MANIACAL WORDS REVERBERATE HARSHLY IN THE WIND--SWIRLED NIGHT--AND MORBIUS, WEAKENED BY HIS PERIL AT THE HANDS OF THOSE WORDS, SUMMONS HIS LAST DUNCE OF STRENGTH TO CROAK A DISGUSTED REPLY--

YOU'RE MAD, DAE-MOND--UTTERLY INSANE.

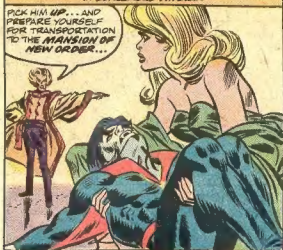
A STILLBORN GENESIS!

*SEE LAST ISSUE, --LEN.



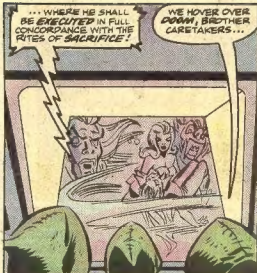
... AND TO OBEY THE LEBERING MAN WHO BINDS HER
IN SORCEROUS THRALL..

PICK HIM UP... AND
PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR TRANSPORTATION
TO THE MANSION OF
NEW ORDER...



... WHERE HE SHALL
BE EXECUTED IN FULL
CONCORDANCE WITH THE
RITES OF SACRIFICE!

WE HOVER OVER
DOWN, BROTHER
CARETAKERS...



THE SACRIFICE OF THE
ONE CALLED MORBIUS
WILL ENABLE DAEMON
TO DESTROY PROJECT:
SECOND GENESIS!



I CONCUR, BROTHER.
"THE CHILDREN OF THE
COMET" MUST BE GRANT-
ED THE GIFT OF BIRTH.

THE EMBRYO CYLINDERS
HAVE NOT YET ATTAINED PEAK
GESTATION--! WE MUST PRE-
SERVE THE NECESSARY TIME!

THEY ARE EARTH'S ONLY
HOPE. THE CONTINUED
EXISTENCE OF HUMANS
JEOPARDIZES THE VERY
PLANET ITSELF.

DAEMON
MUST
BE
STOPPED--

--BEFORE MORBIUS'
RELEASED LIFE-ENERGY
BRINGS THE DEMON-
HORDES TO THIS
DIMENSIONAL
PLANE!

BUT OUR
CLONAL AGENTS
WILL NEVER
REACH HIS MAN-
SION IN TIME--!



THEN OUR COURSE IS
CLEAR. WE MUST TELE-
PORT OURSELVES TO
DAEMON'S CHAMBERS...



--AND CONFRONT
HIM IN FINAL
STRIFE!

STAN (THE MAN) LEE
PRESENTS, WITH
PARDONABLE
PRIDE--

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THE ONE!**
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OTHER EPIC TALES) OF-- THE FANTASTIC
FOUR! SPIDER-MAN! THE HULK!
THOR! DR. STRANGE!
ALL THIS--PLUS NEVER-BEFORE-
REVEALED SECRETS BEHIND THE
CREATION OF YOUR FAVORITE
SUPER-STARS-- AS TOLD BY
SMILIN' STAN HIMSELF!

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COMICS BEGINS ANEW--
AND YOU ARE THERE!**



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LEST YE
FORGET!**

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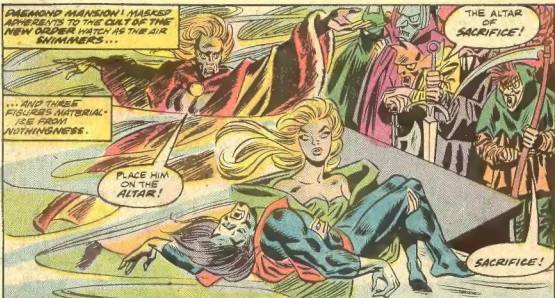
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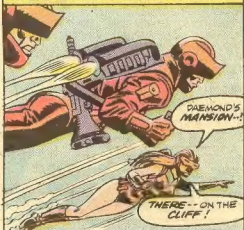
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BOUND,
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THEN, A LOWLY MURMURED AND CAPENCED CHANT FILLS THE CHAMBER...



-- THE CLONED AGENTS OF THE CARE-TAKERS SWIFTLY APPROACH --





WHAT--?!!

THE AGENTS
OF THE
CARETAKERS--!!

THIS BEGINS PERHAPS THE
MOST BIZARRE BATTLE
IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY
OF A BATTLE-RAVAGED
PLANET...

SLAY
THEM!!

SKS-SH!

PEAP!

TWUNG!

FWAP!

FWING!

DIAMOND'S HIDEOUSLY
MASKED BUT HUMAN
CULTISTS, EMPLOYING
ARCHAIC WEAPONS OF
THE PAST...

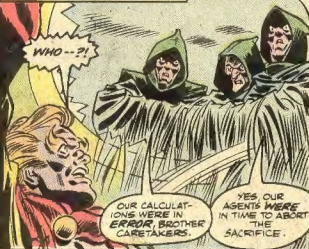
...VERSUS THE CARETAKERS'
GENETICALLY CLONED ANDROIDS,
EQUIPPED WITH OUTRAGEDOUSLY
EFFECTIVE DEATH-DEALING
DEVICES OF THE FUTURE...

...AND DAEMOND HIMSELF, PRE-
SIDING OVER THE SAVAGE FRAY
LIKE A MADDED MAESTRO
CONDUCTING A BERSERK
SYMPHONY.



IN THE NAME
OF THE NEW ORDER
--SLAY THEM!!

THEN, THE AIR SHIMMERS ONCE MORE... AND THREE
NEW FIGURES MATERIALIZE...

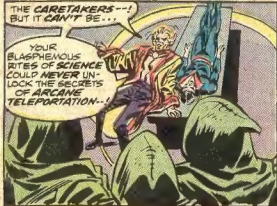


WHO--?!

OUR CALCULA-
TIONS WERE IN
ERROR, BROTHER
CARETAKERS.

YES, OUR
AGENTS WERE
IN TIME TO ABORT
THE
SACRIFICE.

THE CARETAKERS---!
BUT IT CAN'T BE...



YOUR
BLASPHEMOUS
RITES OF SCIENCE
COULD NEVER UN-
LOCK THE SECRETS
OF ARCAIC
TELEPORTATION--!



SILENCE,
EVIL ONE.

WE HAVE COME
TO BATTLE FOR
THE EARTH.

WE HAVE
COME FOR
YOUR
DEATH.

DAEMOND HOWLS IN AWESOME FURY, AND
JAGGED BOLTS OF PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY
SPURT FROM HIS EYES...



TO BE MET BY THE
GAZE FROM THE
UNWAVERING EYES
OF THE
CARETAKERS.

TWO BATTLES NOW RAGE WITHIN THE
MANSION, ONE A PITCHED STRUGGLE
OF MENTAL FORCE... AND THE OTHER,
A BRUTAL CONTEST OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE.

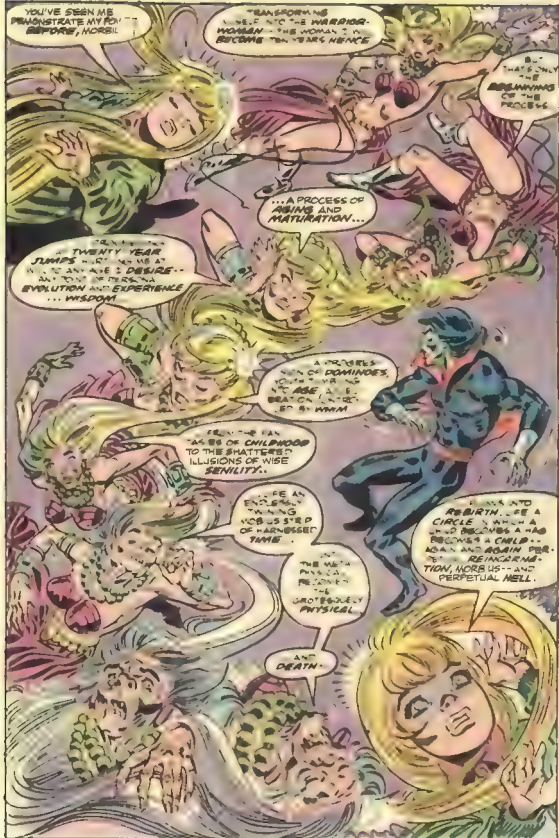
BOTH ARE HELLISH
TO BE SEEN.

AND THROUGH IT ALL, RAGING
HELL AND SMELLING CHAOS,
THE LIVING VAMPIRE CALLED
MORBIUS REMAINS
UNCONSCIOUS...



*LAST ISSUE. -- LEN.





YOU'VE SEEN ME
DEMONSTRATE MY POW'RS
BEFORE, HORRIL

TRANSFORMING
MYSELF INTO THE WARRIOR-
WOMAN - THE WOMAN I'VE
BECOME TEN YEARS HENCE

BUT
THAT'S ONLY
THE
BEGINNINGS
OF THE
PROCESS

...A PROCESS OF
AGING AND
MATURATION...

...A TWENTY YEAR
JUMPS HURDLES ME AT
WILL TO ANY AGE I DESIRE...
ANY FORM OF PERSONAL
EVOLUTION AND EXPERIENCE
... WISDOM

A VICTORIAN
NOMAD DOMINOES
YOU'RE TRYING
TO USE A L.E.
BRATON LATER
ED BY WHAM

FROM THE FAN
"AGES OF CHILDHOOD
TO THE SHATTERED
ILLUSIONS OF WISE
SENILITY..

...LIFE AN
ENDLESS
TWING
NOBUSTED
OF HARNESSSED
TIME

...THE VITAL
PHYSICAL
RECOVERED
THE
GROTESQUELY
PHYSICAL

AND
DEATH

...I PASS INTO
REBIRTH... LIFE A
CIRCLE IN WHICH A
WARRIOR BECOMES A CHILD...
AGAIN AND AGAIN PER-
PETUALLY REINCORNA-
TION, HORRUS-- AND
PERPETUAL HELL.

DAEMON MANSION:
ONLY ONE BATTLE NOW
FILLS THE RAVAGED
CHAMBER...

YOU ARE
DOOMED,
CARBAXERS!
MY MIND IS
THE
STRONGER!

...FOR THE HORROR OF
PHYSICAL VIOLENCE
HAS CONCLUDED IN COM-
PLETE ANNIHILATION--
FOR BOTH FACTIONS.

MERE WORDS,
DAEMON, WILL
NOT WIN THIS
DAY.

AND SO, THE
BATTLE
CONTINUES...

...UNTIL DAEMON'S EYES
GROPE ACROSS THE SACRI-
FICIAL ALTAR, AND--

MORBIUS--!

HE'S GONE! BUT
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
UNLESS...

TARA--ONLY THE GIRLCHILD
COULD EFFECT HIS RESCUE
UNOBSERVED--AND
UNFELT.

THERE IS
DANGER,
THEN...

...FOR ONLY
TARA HAS THE
POWER TO CRUSH
JS ALL.

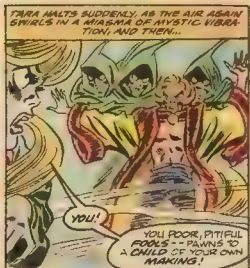
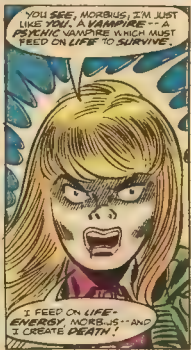
WE MUST PUT ASIDE
OUR DIFFERENCES--
AND UNITE IN A
COMMON CAUSE...

...TO RESUME OUR
CONFLICT ONCE TARA HAS
BEEN EXTIRPATED.

I AGREE TO
THE TRUCE--BUT
ONLY UNTIL THE
BRAT IS DEAD!

THUS, THE MORTAL ENEMIES--
VANGUARDS OF OPPOSING SCIENCE
AND SORCERY--LEVITATE INTO
"THE NIGHT..."

...TOGETHER.



MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Steve, Craig, Jack, and Jean:

My first adventure into fear came with your latest ish—#24. After seeing it, I have kicked myself several times for missing your first Morbius tales. With #24, FEAR has entered a select group of great comics, which have recorded perfect scores.

Story (4)—Steve Gerber continually perplexes me. He'll score a perfect 4 one time and then come right back with a mediocre 2. FEAR proved to be the former. The storyline itself is fantastic. The scientific vampire like Morbius is much more interesting than the supernatural vampire like Dracula.

Pencils (4)—I have admired Craig Russell's pencils on all the strips he's done—especially ANT-MAN and IRON MAN. His rendition of Morbius hasn't disappointed me; and the machinery on page 7 brought back shades of Steranko indeed!

Inks (4)—Jack Abel has always been a good inker in my book, but nothing spectacular. However, with FEAR #24, he has done a truly incredible job and proven the perfect inker for Craig. Keep both of them as permanents (although that word is becoming increas-

ingly obsolete in Marveldom).

Letters (4)—Jean Simek's super lettering completed the FEAR grand slam. Flawless and beautiful are the only words for it.

Morbius is a strip which gives the reader the best of both worlds—science fiction and supernatural. An added bonus to this issue was its excellent cover, minus word balloons! How about listing cover artists in your credits?

Steve Jetta

RD #2

Malvern PA 19355

Dear Gang,

Concerning your comment in FEAR #24 that you are hoping Craig Russell is "the perfect guy to draw the Morbius strip": Well, in my humble opinion, your hopes are well justified, 'cause Craig—an artist with a lot of potential—is beginning to flower. His forte appears to be sci-fi and the fantastic, and that fits in well with Morbius. And, by the way, be sure and keep a strong sci-fi slant to the strip—it gives it a distinctive quality. Otherwise, Morbius would be

Be a Mighty Marvel Salesperson!

Or Maybe Just a Thrifty True Believer!

**Buy 12 Comics
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You can order one set or many—and sell them to your friends at full cover price with you keeping the profits!

That's right, greedy one. You can get 12 of Marvels greatest—before they hit the stands—for only \$2.00!

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Check one of the boxes below for the Marvels you want. Fill in the spaces for how many sets and your name and address—and you're in the comics-selling business. Welcome aboard, tycoon!

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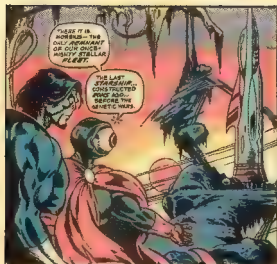
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Dept:ALG



just another vampire mag. The vampire-science-sorcery tension you've set up is the true heart of the strip.

Ed O'Reilly
Miami University
Oxford OH 45056

Well, Ed, we *thought* we'd found the perfect penciller for the strip...but. As Steve Jetta pointed out earlier on this letters page, of late we have had some difficulty in establishing "permanent" writers and artists on our books—in fact, if you knew how harried things have been, you'd know that we're lucky to have gotten the books out at all. But hopefully we'll be settling down soon. For awhile. We hope.

Thoroughly confused? Good, then we're all in the same shape. Such is the comic biz. Oh, and remember when we casually wondered whether you, the readers, wanted more of a science fiction, or more of a terror slant to the color Morbius series? The opinions, they are a'rollin' in—

Dear Marvel,

Play up the science fiction angle and open new doors. Leave terror to **VAMPIRE TALES**. But above all you must expand the number of new pages—give yourselves the

whole book to work with.

Jim Quinn
808 Duncan
Ann Arbor, MG

Dear Marvel,

Although I would rather see Morbius in science fiction stories, I think it would be interesting to see him fight Dracula, so Morbius would know that he's real.

Chrissy Bohlman
1921 Highland
Wilmette, IL 60091

Dear Masterful Marvel,

Don't you dare change the format of Morbius' personality—sometimes hero, sometimes villain. I beg of you, don't turn FEAR into another run-of-the-mill horror mag.

Russ Uhler
Asbury, NJ

We don't want to give the impression that there weren't any votes for the terror slant, but the hulking majority of you seem to favor the SF; still, the poll is far from over, so get it on if you're gonna vote—we're waiting Morbiusly. And while you're at it, let Doug and Frank know what you think of their aerie efforts, huh?

See ya next time, Morbius-ophiles!



THIS IS IT! YOUR
MARVEL
VALUE
STAMP

FOR THIS ISSUE!
CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

YOU DEMANDED HIM...YOU'VE GOT HIM!

ADAM WARLOCK IS ON THE LOOSE!

WITNESS THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE SENSES-SHATTERING SUPER-HERO WHO WOULDN'T STAY DEAD...IN THE LATEST, GREATEST ISSUE OF

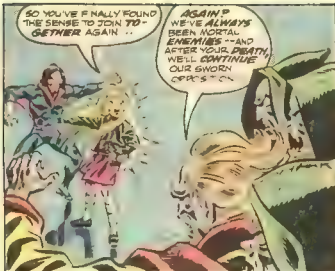
STRANGE TALES

THE NON-STOP ACTION BEGINS WHEN YOU SEE THIS PULSE-POUNDING COVER LOGO!

STRANGE TALES MARVEL COMICS GROUP

WARLOCK

ON SALE NOV. 26!



SO YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND THE SENSE TO JOIN TOGETHER AGAIN ..

AGAIN? WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORTAL ENEMIES --AND AFTER YOUR DEATH, WE'LL CONTINUE OUR SWORN OPPOSITION



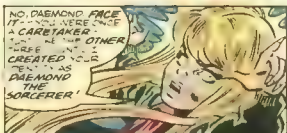
IDIOTS! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE THE SAME? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I CREATED THE SCHISM WHICH DIVIDES YOU-- MANUFACTURED THE DIVISIVENESS BETWEEN YOU?!

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I DELUDED YOU INTO BELIEVING YOURSELVES ENEMIES--?!



YES-- SO YOU WOULD SLAUGHTER EACH OTHER, AND PROVIDE ME WITH THE VIOLENCE AND DEATH I NEED TO SURVIVE!

YOU LIE!!



NO, DAEMONID FACE IT-- YOU WERE ONCE A CARETAKER -- BUT THE OTHER THREE DIDN'T CREATED YOUR TEXT AS DAEMONID THE SORCERER!



AND YOU THREE ARE EVERY NCH THE HARBINGERS OF HELL THAT DAEMONID IS!!

THE SAME!!

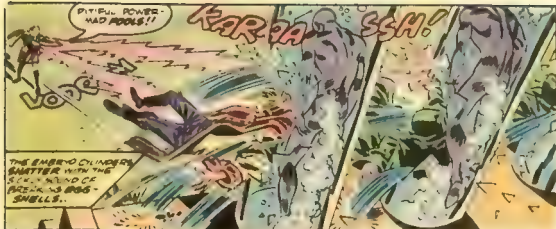


SHE LIES!

KILL HER

OUR TIME HAS PASSED GRIMM!

FOOLS.



ONLY A PARASITE CAN
FEED ON ANOTHER
PARASITE! TAKE MY
BLOOD, MORBIDS--
END THE HORROR

NOW, MORBIDS-- WHILE YOU
CAN--! KILL ME!! I HAVE NO
DESIRE TO LIVE AT THE COST
OF RAMPANT AND ENDLESS
DEATH--! I'LL ONLY DIE ANY-
WAY-- ONCE I'VE KILLED THE
ENTIRE WORLD!

KILL ME!!

BUT... HE CAN'T. WHATEVER
ELSE, SHE IS JUST A CHILD...

... A CHILD YES, A GOOD
BLOOD WILL BE SWEET

... AND RICH
RIPE

HE SURRENDERS --
A FRENZY...

... AND TORAS DEATH
ERUPTS A CATASTROPHIC
THE BUILDING COLLAPSES, HE
COLLAPSES, HE
BLOODS AMONG CHAIRS
AND RUINATION AND
STILL MORBIDS SUCKS
THE BLOOD FROM THE
CHILD'S TENDER THROAT
HIS FANGS GOING
DEEPER -- S. P.S.
PULSING GREEDILY

AND HE WON-
DERS: DOES HE
... SAVE A
WORLD... OR
WELLS TO SLAKE
... DEPRIVED
THIRST?

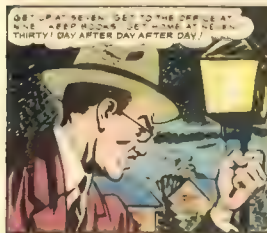
WHEN IT IS DONE HE LEAVES THE
DESTROYED PLACE... TO S. OF THE
NIGHT WINDS

... 5 OVER. THE CARETAKERS
DISMANTLE TORA... THE
CHILDREN OF THE COVE...
ALL DEAD AND THE FINAL
IRONY: TORAS SYNTHETIC
BLOOD HAD BEEN TINY AND FOUL
... UNSATISFYING HE STILL
THIRSTS, AND MUST NOW HUNT
REAL BLOOD... BUT HE WON-
DERS: WAS THE ENTIRE WORLD
BEEN DRAINED?

NEXT: BLOOD-CURSE!

NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENED TO ED WILSON! HE HATED HIS DULL ROUTINE DAYS!
BUT ROUTINE HAS MUCH TO RECOMMEND IT... AS WILSON WAS TO LEARN IN .

a World Gone Mad!



ED WILSON SHOOK HIS HEAD HELPLESSLY. HE RAILED AT LIFE AT LAST. BUT THIS HE WOULD BE WAITING.



PAEANS AND SELF-PLAUDITS FROM THE PUNDITS OF PANDEMONIUM!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Hang in there, hero! We've got a couple of mind-blowin' items for you this month, so let's zero right in. First, how lucky can you be? You'll be seeing more sensational stories than ever from ol' ROY THOMAS from now on. Yep, the Rascally One has been itching to devote more of his time to writing, and he's finally decided to take the plunge. Hence, from this day forth, our award-winning editor becomes Editor Emeritus, a title he so richly deserves, as I hereby announce (and not without a twinge of envy), that he'll be scripting more Marvel masterworks than ever before. So here's to the youngest titleholder in all of Emeritusdom—long may he reign! Next ish, we'll describe our new editorial lineup in detail, but for now—onward!

It hadda happen! There's another Comics Con a'comin'! But not just any other comics-book convention—nope, this time it's a MARVEL Con! That's right—during Easter vacation time your batty Bullpen is putting together one of the most exciting projects of the year for Marvelom Assembled. At a major New York hotel we'll be holding the biggest, brassiest, brain-blastingest Marvel convention of all time! It'll be three full days of fun, fantasy, and fan-heaven as you mingle with the greatest names in the Marvel galaxy! So, if you're planning a go-away vacation during Easter, we just wanna alert you—New York's where it'll all be happening! More info next month!

One last word, gang. I'm really overwhelmed by all the college lecture offers you've been tossing this way. I wish there was time to accept each one, but I want you to know I'm frantically trying to juggle my schedule so I can do as many as possible. I don't know whether all of academia wants to hear about Marvel, or if you're just trying to keep me on the move so I won't have time to write any more Soapboxes! But whatever it is, keep those cards and letters comin', folks! And remember, it's time to take a toad to lunch!

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! Let's roll out the red carpet for Free-wheelin' FRANK ROBBINS. Marvel's newest artist and bon vivant! As many of you know, Frank's the artist and writer of the newspaper comic-strip "Johnny Hazard," and is considered by his peers to be one of the finest craftsmen in the business.

Now, after cutting his incisors on a Morbius tale or two in the pages of ADVENTURES INTO FEAR, Frank has stepped in to give our pal SAL BUSCEMA a well-earned rest from the pages of CAPTAIN AMERICA—and to team up with Roy the Boy on a brand new 50¢ title due to debut early in '75. Its title? THE INVADERS! (Who's going to be in this newest, most exciting supergroup? We'll leave you guessing for a month or so, pilgrim. Suffice it to say that we think the lineup of this litin' legion is going to catch nearly everybody off guard, and that Free-wheelin' Frank will definitely have his hands full!)

ITEM! Speaking of artist switches, it's nostalgia time, as Genial GENE COLAN once more takes over the reins of our DR. STRANGE strip. Remember those cabalistic classics of yesteryear? Well, get set to have 'em all eclipsed by the new team of COLAN, JANSON, and ENGELHART! As for Doc's previous artist, Far-out FRANK BRUNNER, he's keeping busy on one of the most-requested back-up features of all time. Yep, we're talking about none other than HOWARD THE DUCK, who's now appearing regularly in the pages of our quarterly GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING mag (where else?). When you ask for things long enough and loud enough round Marvelom you get 'em! (Okay, okay, we know, we know—so where's the Silver Surfer?)

ITEM! In case you haven't noticed, we've added a new 50¢-center or two as well. Still on sale, hopefully, is our new GIANT-SIZE KID COLT title, which spotlights the wildest new western team-ups ever. And this month sees GIANT-SIZE CHILLERS #1, with art by ALCALA, ALCAZAR, and right on thru the alphabet with Marvel's greatest mystery artists. What's more, December will herald the way-outest new mag of all—

GIANT-SIZE SUPER-VILLAIN TEAM-UP, co-starring (just for starters, mind you) Dr. Doom and the savage Sub-Mariner! How's that for an off-the-wall blockbuster announcement! (Well, if that doesn't hold you, how about this? THE X-MEN are coming back, in brand new tales, in a giant-size mag due to debut just a couple of short months from now! We could've held back on that one, but we wanted to give all you mutant-booster a chance to start saving your radioactive shekels.)

ITEM! Oh, and just so you don't think you've gone completely bananas, we thought we'd best clue you in that, due to circumstances beyond our control, the first issue of our new \$1 magazine MARVEL PREVIEW (introducing the long-awaited new feature "Man-Gods From Beyond The Stars") was delayed at the last possible moment, and will be on sale in the next few weeks instead of right now, as we announced last issue. Sorry about that, friends, but we wanted to polish that gem up just right for you. Meanwhile, though, the premiere ish of our new \$1-s-4 title, UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, is on sale—complete with comic-strip versions of stories like Wyndham's Day of the Triffids masterpiece, Bob Shaw's stunning "Slow Glass" tales, plus art and story by the likes of COLAN, CONWAY, FREAS, ADAMS, WILLIAMSON, ISABELLA, KALUTA, and that illustrious ilk. Plus an exclusive, photo-filled interview with the one and only RAY BRADBURY! Face it, effendi!—if science fiction's ever gonna make it in the comics medium, this is the one! Only a buck for 84 big pages, and worth every hoarded penny—at your newsstands now!

End of unabashed plug—end of Bullpen Page! We return you now to our regularly-scheduled comic-mag!

MIGHTY MARVEL STRIKES AGAIN!

FIRST, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN--NEXT THE FABULOUS FANTASTIC FOUR--NOW, THE POWER-PACKED PRINCE OF ASGARD LASHES OUT IN HIS OWN KING-SIZED SPECIAL! WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE, YOUR BATTY BULLPEN PRESENTS THE LATEST--POSSIBLY THE GREATEST--OF ITS DOUBLE-SIZED TREASURY EDITIONS!

ON SALE SOON!



THOR

MAPLE STREET! HOME! TURN RIGHT! WALK THIRTY PACES! TURN IN AT THE WALK! HOW HE HATED IT!

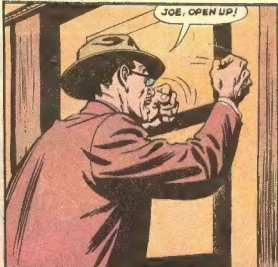
WILSON WALKED SLOWLY, HOPELESSLY! AND THEN... IN ONE SPLIT SECOND, HIS LETHARGY WAS GONE!



WILSON POUNDED, BECAUSE ALREADY ALARM WAS WELLING WITHIN HIM! THEN...



CONFUSION AND PANIC GRIPPED WILSON...



WILSON'S KEELS WERE WINGED BY ALARM! BUT WHERE COULD HE RUN? WHERE COULD HE HIDE?



DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE JUST SHADOWS! STAY AWAY FROM ME!

WE'LL JUST HAVE A LITTLE TALK, HUH?



WILSON TALKED! HE STUMBLED OVER HIS WORDS... HE BEGGED, PLEADED! BUT WHEN HE WAS FINISHED...



YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME! YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT!

THOSE KIDS! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERY STUNT IN THE BOOK, BUT THIS IS A NEW ONE! YOU SAY YOU LIVE AT SEVENTEEN?



YES! NUMBER SEVENTEEN MAPLE STREET! THIS STREET! BUT THESE'S SOMEONE ELSE LIVING THERE! HIM!



AND WHAT HAVE KIDS TO DO WITH THIS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I GUESS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS, DO YOU?



LIKE I SAID, THIS STUNT IS A DILLY! THE KIDS MUST HAVE SWITCHED EVERY STREET SIGN IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! THIS IS OAK STREET! BUT WITH ALL THE HOUSES IN THE DEVELOPMENT LOOKING THE SAME...

MAPLE ST.



THE COP'S GRIN WIDENED! BUT TO WILSON, SUDDENLY, IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL GRIN! IT WAS SO GOOD, ALL AT ONCE, TO BE BACK IN HIS OWN DULL ROUTINE WORLD...

KIDS SURE CAN PULL ALL KINDS OF MISCHIEF... ON HALLOWEEN! EH, MISTER?

THE END